

*through
for toll
cost*

P A R A D I S E

L O S T.

P

—every greatly amiable muse
Of elder ages in thy Milton met ;
His was the treasure of two thousand years,
Seldom indulged to man ; a god-like mind,
Unlimited, and various, as his theme ;
Astonishing as Chaos ; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair ; soft as the talk
Of our grand Parents, and as Heaven sublime.

THOMSON.

J

P

P A R A D I S E

L O S T,

A

P O E M

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

ON.

THE AUTHOR

J O H N M I L T O N.

ACCORDING TO THE AUTHOR'S LAST
EDITION, IN THE YEAR 1674.

G L A S G O W:

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS
M.DCC.LXVI.



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THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meeter; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have express'd them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learn'd ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of

rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though
it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it
rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in
English, of antient liberty, recover'd to heroic
poem from the troublesome and modern bondage
of riming.

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T H E
A R G U M E N T S.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE first book proposes first in brief the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was by the command of God driv'n out of heav'n with all his crew into the great deep. Which action past over, the poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now fall'n into hell, described here, not in the center (for heav'n and earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd Chaos: here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining, to these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hopes yet of regaining heav'n, but tells them lastly of a new world, and

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new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophesie, or report in heav'n; for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophesie, and what to determine thereon he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: a third proposal is preferr'd, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophesie or tradition in heav'n concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulph between hell and heav'n; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

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THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

GOD sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc't. The son of God renders praises to his father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice; man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to god-head, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the father and the son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place since called the limbo of vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heav'n, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he

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finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation and man whom God had plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

SATAN now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gates of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the deep, and past at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gesture in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him

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morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve, discourse of going to their rest: their bower describ'd; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from heav'n, flies out of Paradise.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

MORNING approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free state, of his enemy near at hand; who, he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heav'n, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with

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him, perswading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: he in the power of his father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his father.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his son with gl

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ry and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into heav'n.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHT BOOK.

ADAM inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

SATAN having compass'd the earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondring to hear the serpent speak, asks

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How he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now, the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her, at length to eat; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

MAN's transgression known, the guardian angels forsake Paradise and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathie feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolv'd to sit no longer confin'd in hell; but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from hell to this world, and so, they pave a broad high way or bridge over Chaos,

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according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandaemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause is entertain'd with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself all suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be reveng'd on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to A-

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Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs: he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman should be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise; the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place,

PARADISE LOST.

B O O K I.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of chaos: or if sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th'Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th'upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view

Nor the deep tract of hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our grand parents in that happy state,
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
 Th'infernal serpent; he it was whose guile
 Stird up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious war in heav'n and battle proud
 With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th'ethereal skie
 With hideous ruin and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantyne chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defie th'Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery gulph
 Confounded though immortal: but his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:

At once as far as angels ken he views
 The dismal situation waste and wilde,
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
 As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
 Such place eternal justice had prepar'd
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n
 As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
 Beelzebub. To whom th'arch-enemy,
 And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy realms of light
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
 Myriads though bright: if he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,

Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
'The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind
And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,
Who from the terrour of this arm so late
Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
Th'is downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve

To wage by force or guile eternal war
 Irreconcilable, to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th'excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.
 So spoke th'apostate angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despair:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.
 O prince, O chief of many throned powers,
 That led th'imbattell'd seraphim to warr
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual king;
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as gods and heav'nly essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our conqueror, (whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpow'rd such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, what-e'er his business be
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,

6 PARADISE LOST. I. 153.

Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?
Whereto with speedy words th'arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost councils from their destin'd aim.
But see the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery furge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th'occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wilde,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames

Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his skaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretcht out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,

8 PARADISE LOST. I. 214.

That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
 On man by him seduc'd, but on himself
 Triple confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires and rowld
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thundring Aetna, whose combustible
 And fewel'd intrals thence conceiving fire,
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoak: such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
 Both glorying to have scap't the Stygian flood
 As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
 Is this the region, this the soil, the climate,
 Said then the lost arch-angel, this the seat
 That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom

PARADISE LOST. I. 345.

For that celestial light? be it so, since he
 Who now is sov'rain can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best
 Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell
 Receive thy new possessor: one who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least
 We shall be free; th'almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition tho' in hell:
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th'associates and copartners of our loss,
 Ly thus astonish'd on th'oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell?
 So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
 Which but th'Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft

In worst extreame, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they ly
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superiour fiend
Was moving toward the shoar; his pondrous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heav'n's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire;
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea, he stood and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay intrans't
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th'Etrurian shades
High overarch't imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex't the red sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot wheels; so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize,
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rowling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
Th'advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulph.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd

Innumerable. As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's son in Aegypt's evil day
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, warping on the easter wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
 So numberless were those bad angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th'uplifted spear
 Of their great sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
 A multitude, like which the populous north
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
 Forthwith from every squadron and each band
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
 Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
 Excelling human, princely dignities,
 And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
 Though of their names in heav'nly records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and raz'd
 By their rebellion, from the books of life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 Got them new names, till wandering o'er the earth,
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake

God their creator, and th'invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities;
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols, through the heathen world.
Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Rouz'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?
The chief were those who from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites, and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid King besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that pass through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such

Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnon, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, th'obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleale to th'Asphaltick pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These feminine. For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not ty'd or manac'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse
Dilated, or condens't, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,

PARADISE LOST. I. 431.

And works of love or enmity fulfill.
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
 Astarte, queen of heav'n, with crescent horns;
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood
 Her temple on th'offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
 Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summers day,
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love tale
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers,

Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conquerour, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic Aegypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandring gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb: and the rebel king
Doubl'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehova, who in one night when he pass'd
From Aegypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood

Or altar smoak'd ; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Ely's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God.
In courts and palaces he also reigns
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,
And injury and outrage : and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might ;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th'Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confess later than heav'n and earth
Their boasted parents ; Titan heav'n's first-born
With his enormous brood, and birth-right seiz'd
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's son like measure found ;
So Jove usurping reign'd : these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air
Their highest heav'n ; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land ; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th'Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd

Obscure some glimps of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be up-rear'd
His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th'imperial ensign, which full high advanc't
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphick arms and trophies: all the while
Sonomous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host upsent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of chaos and old night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A Forrest huge of spears: and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ferried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper hero's old
Arming to battel, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd

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chief With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods,
Their number last he summs. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
Glories: for never since created man,
Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th'heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebs and Ilium, on each side
Mixt with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel
Jousted in Aspramount or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebifond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore

When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new ris'n,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th'archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc't
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd. As when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the Forrest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubl'd ranks they bend

From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
O myriads of immortal spirits, O powers
Matchless, but with th'Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th'event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of heav'n,
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd, +
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok't; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less

At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
 There went a fame in heav'n that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of heav'n:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th'abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd,
 For who can think submission? war then, war
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words out-slew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
 Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clasp'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
 Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous brigad hasten'd. As when bands
 Of pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'ns pavement, trod'n gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifl'd the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And dig'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength and art are easily out-done
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art † founded the massie ore,
Severing each kind, and summ'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind

† 2d Ed. Found out the massie ore.

To many a row of pipes the sound-board breaths.
Anon out of the earth a fabrick huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pylasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures grav'n,
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Aegypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th'ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the doors
Op'ning their brazen folds discover wide
Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendant by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naptha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towred structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme king
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchie, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land

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Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos th'Aegean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heav'n high towrs; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpets sound throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandaemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defi'd the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brusht with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive

In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New-rubb'd with baum, expatiate and confer
 Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd: till the signal giv'n,
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that pigmean race
 Beyond the Indian mount, or fairie elves,
 Whose midnight revels, by a forrest side
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
 Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
 Though without number still amidst the hall
 Of that infernal court. But far within
 And in their own dimensions like themselves
 The great seraphic lords and cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat
 A thousand demy-gods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full. After short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.

The End of the First Book.

PARADISE LOST.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Out-shone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Shows on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displaid.

Powers and dominions, deities of heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
Me though just right, and the fixt laws of heav'n
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been atchiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Etablisht in a safe unenvied throne
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes

Foremost to stand against the thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or cover'd guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
He ceas'd, and next him Moloc, scepter'd king
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heav'n; now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th'Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now,
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,

The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather chuse
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury all at once
O'er heav'ns high towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumn not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When the fierce foe hung on our brok'n rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? the ascent is easy then;
Th'event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end.

The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolisht and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which if not victory is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On th'other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd

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Main reason to perswade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the towers of heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th'ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th'almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,

Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fierie tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk

Under yon boyling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriv'd,
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's highth
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heav'n
Thus traml'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supream foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd
With what is punish't; whence these raging fires

Will slack'n, if his breath stir not their flames,
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.

Thus Belial with words cloath'd in reason's garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to disenthroned the king of heav'n
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's lord supream
We overpower? suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbl'd hymns, and to his godhead sing
Fore't halleluias; while he lordly sits
Our envied sov'ran, and his altar breaths

Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings. This must be our task
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, tho' in heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the ease yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and indurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling fire
Chuse to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? this desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gemms and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires

As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper ; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and * where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'rewatcht, whose bark by chance
 Or pinnance anchors in a craiggy bay
 After the tempest: such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: for such another field
 They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to heav'n.
 Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat and publick care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear

* First edition. all the rest, were,

The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention, still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the king of heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th'inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heav'n.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Voutsaf't or sought; for what peace will be giv'n
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,

Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprise? there is a place
 (If antient and prophetic fame in heav'n
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
 That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety: though heav'n be shut,
 And heav'n's high arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with hell-fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The punie habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God

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May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy up-raise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beelzebub
Pleas'd his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? but their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring arms,
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter heav'n; or else in some wild zone
Dwell not unvisited of heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam

Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breath her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world, whom we shall find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle; what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strick senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting, who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
Of those heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardie as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendant glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
O progeny of heav'n, empyreal thrones,

With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
 These past, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulph.
 If thence he scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape.
 But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
 And this imperial sov'ranty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
 And judg'd of publick moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest
 High honour'd sits? go therefore mighty powers,
 Terror of heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render hell
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
 To respite or deceive, or slack the pain

Of this ill mansion : intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all : this enterprize
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
 The monarch, and prevented all reply,
 Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd ;
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
 Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose ;
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone ; and as a god
 Extoll him equal to the highest in heav'n :
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own : for neither do the spirits damn'd
 Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition varnish'd o're with zeal.
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief :
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring element
 Scowls o're the dark'ned landskip snow, or shower ;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet

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Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levie cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers,
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
Alone th'antagonist of heav'n, nor less
Than hell's dread emperor with pomp supream,
And god-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fierie seraphim inclos'd
With bright emblazonrie, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymie
By harald's voice explain'd: the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wandering, each his several way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th'Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fierie steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubl'd skie, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airie knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th'envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment

The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fixt fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet with a pleasing forcerie could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th'obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel,
Another part in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx the flood of deadly hate,
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage,
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of oblivion rowls
Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulph profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiatra and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy footed furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethæan sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose th'attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The foord, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th'adventurous bands
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast

View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and drearie vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fierie Alpe,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and Hydra's, and chimeras dire.

Mean while the adversary of God and man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descri'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicie drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the cape
Fly stemming nightly toward the pole. So seem'd
Far off the flying fiend: at last appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire

Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous, and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
 Nor uglier follow the night hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Of substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
 Firce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides, hell trembl'd as he strode.
 Th'undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,

Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heav'n.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reck'n'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Least with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfeelt before.
So spake the griesly Terrour, and in shape,
So speaking, and so threatning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on th'other side
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge



In th'Artic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence, and war. Each at the head
 Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown
 Each cast at th'other, as when two black clouds
 With heav'ns artill'ry fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
 Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
 Grew darker at their frown, so matcht they stood;
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky forcerers that sat
 Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
 Against thy only son? what fury O son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
 For him who sits above and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids,
 His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
 Forebore, then these to her Satan return'd:
 So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,

What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me father, and that fantasim, call'st my son?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

T'whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd;
Hast thou forgot me then? and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In heav'n, when at th'assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against heav'n's king,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swumm
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All the host of heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could else) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell

Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembl'd at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me, for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
When ever that shall be; so fate pronounc'd.
But thou O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the suttler fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth,
Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of spirits that in our just pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th'unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pourlieues of heav'n, and therein plac't

A race of upstart creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
 Lest heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broils: be this or aught
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
 He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a gaffly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

The key of this infernal pit by due,
 And by command of heav'n's all-powerful king,
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatcht by living * might.
 But what owe I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloem of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
 With terrors and with clamours compass round

* 1st. and 2d. Edit. wight 3d. and 4th Edit.

Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge porcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key hole turns
Th'intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massie iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th'infernal dores, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,

And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal Anarchie, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce
Strive here for maistrise, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wilde abyss,
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th'almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds,
Into this wild abyss the warie fiend
Stood on the brink of hell and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) then when Bellona storms
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame

Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutinie had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging sinoak
Uplitted spurns the ground, thence many a league
As in a cloudy chair ascending rides
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuitie: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
Quencht in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a Gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course o'er hill and moarie dale,
Pursues the Arimaspiā, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
Born through the hollow dark assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power.

Or spirit of the nethermost abyfs
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when strait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T'whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyfs,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heav'n; or if some other place
From your dominion won, th'ethereal king
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my course;
Directed no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;

Your's be th'advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the anarch old
With fault'ring speech, and visage incompas'd
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heav'n's king, though overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroacht on still through our intestine broils
Weakening the scepter of old night: first hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heav'n and earth, another world,
Hung o're my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, then when Argo pass'd

Through Bosperus betwixt the jostling rocks:
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
 Charybdis, and by th'other whirlpool stear'd,
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration? Sin and Death amain
 Following his tract, such was the will of heav'n,
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length
 From hell continu'd reaching th'utmost orbe
 Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn; here nature first begins
 Her fardest verge, and Chaos to retire
 As from her utmost works a brok'n foe
 With tumult less and with less hostile din,
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light.
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off the empyreal heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,

With opal towrs and battlements adorn'd
Of living saphire, once his native seat;
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendant world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a curfed hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book,

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

HAILE holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born,
Or of th'eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle did invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap't the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes than to th'Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt

Clear spring, or shaddie grove, or sunnie hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee Sion and the flowrie brooks beneath
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blanc
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all highth bent down his eye,

His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of heav'n
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, see'st thou what rage
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no barrs of hell, nor all the chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world.

And man there plac't, with purpose to essay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall
He and his faithless progenie: whose fault?
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th'ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do, appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessitie,
Not me. They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their maker, or their making, or their fate;
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,

Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
The trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they chuse; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: man falls deceiv'd
By the other first: man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
Substantially exprest, and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sovran sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th'innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should man finally be lost, should man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son

all circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversarie thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish't and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
Should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsaf't; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthral'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.

Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th'incens'd Deitie while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heav'n,
Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die,
Die he or justice must, unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love,

Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th'unjust to save,
Dwells in all heav'n charity so deare?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,

Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.

And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
Whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,

To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,

Supplic for man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;

Redemption for himself or offering meet,
Debted and undone, hath none to bring:

Hold me then, me for him, life for life
Offer, on me let thine anger fall;

Account me man; I for his sake will leave

My bosom, and this glory next to thee

Meely put off, and for him lastly die

Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;

Under his gloomie power I shall not long

Be vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess

Me in myself for ever, by thee I live,

Though now to death I yield, and am his due
 All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vanted spoil;
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead hell captive mawgre hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of heav'n shalt look down and smile;
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
 Shall enter heav'n long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
 And reconciliation; wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.
 His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shone
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
 Of his great father. Admiration seiz'd
 All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
 Wondring; but soon th'Almighty thus reply'd:
 O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou

My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,
To me are all my works, nor man the least
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By loosing thee a while, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son,
As in him perish all men, so in thee
As from a second root shall be restor'd,
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons, thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdoo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate,
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying

God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,
 Far more than great or high ; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne ;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and man, son both of God and man,
 Anointed universal king ; all power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits ; under thee as head supream
 Thrones, principedoms, powers, dominions I reduce :
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In heaven or earth, or under earth in hell ;
 When thou attended gloriously from heav'n
 Shalt in the skie appear, and from thee send
 The summoning arch-angels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages to the general doom
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 Then all thy saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge
 Bad men and angels, they arraign'd, shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence ; hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell
 And after all their tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,

With
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With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal scepter shalt lay by,
For regal scepter then no more shall need,
God shall be All in All. But all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.
No sooner had th'Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee: and loud hosanna's fill'd
Th'eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
To heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows;
And flours aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of blis through midst of heav'n
Rowls o'er Elisian flours her amber stream;
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl'd with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side,
Like quivers hung and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce

Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung omnipotent,
 Immutable, immortal, infinite,
 Eternal King ; the Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
 Yet dazle heav'n, that brightest seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, divine similitude,
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
 Made visible, th'almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold ; on thee
 Imprest the effulgence of his glory abides,
 Transfus'd on thee his ample spirit rests.
 He heav'n of heav'ns and all the powers therein
 By the created, and by thee threw down
 Th'aspiring dominations : thou that day
 Thy father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarraid.
 Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
 Thee only extol'd, son of thy father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,

Not so on man; him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercie and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:
No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity enclin'd,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercie and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the blis wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexempl'd love,
Love no where to be found less than divine!
Hail Son of God, saviour of men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, enclos'd
From Chaos and th'inroad of darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement skie;
Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n
Though distant far some small reflection gains
Of glimm'ring air less vext with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.

As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowie ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their canie waggons light:
So on this windie sea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aerial vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th'other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplisht works of nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints or middle spirits hold

Betwixt th'angelical and human kind:
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Aetna flames,
Empedocles, and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryo's and idiots, eremites and friers
White, black and gray, with all their trumperie.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heav'n,
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixt,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cowles, hoods and habits with their wearers tost,
And flutter'd into raggs, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispence, pardons, bulls,

The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd alofe
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd
 The paradise of fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrode;
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
 His travell'd steps; far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of heaven a structure high,
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace gate
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient gemmes
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
 To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
 Dreaming by night under the open skie,
 And waking cry'd, This is the gate of heav'n.
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes
 Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare

The fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the dores of bliss.
Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th'earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood
To Beerfaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Aegypt and the Arabian shore;
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of gold to heav'n gate
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night; at last by break of chearful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First-seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams,
Such wonder seiz'd, though after heaven seen,
The spirit maligne, but much more envy seiz'd.
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.



Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopie
Of Night's extended shade; from eastern points
Of Libra to the fleecie star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th'horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His sight precipitant, and windes with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innnumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds,
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves and flourie vales,
Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to enquire; above them all
The golden sun in splendor likest heav'n
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament; but up or down
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude, where the great luminarie
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,

Shoots invifible vertue even to the deep:
So wondrously was fet his ftation bright.
There lands the fiend. a fpot like which perhaps
Aftonomer in the fun's lucen orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never faw.
The place he found beyond expreffion bright,
Compar'd with aught on earth, metal or ftone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part feem'd gold, part filver clear;
If ftone, carbuncle moft or chryfolite,
Rubie, or topaz, to the twelve that fhone
In Aaron's breaft-plate, and a ftone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elfewhere feen,
That ftone, or like to that which here below
Philofophers in vain fo long have fought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various fapes old Proteus from the fea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th'arch-chimic fun fo far from us remote
Produces with terreftrial humour mixt
Here in the dark fo many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect fo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazl'd, far and wide his eye commands,
For fight no obftacle found here, nor fshade,
But all fun-fhine, as when his beams at noon

22 PARADISE LOST. III. 617.

Culminate from th'Aequator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th'air,
 No where so clear, sharp'n'd his visual ray
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunnie raies, a golden tiar
 Circl'd his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledg'd with wings
 Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandring flight
 To Paradise the happie seat of man,
 His journey's end and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay:
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd;
 Under a coronet his flowing hair
 In curls on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known

Th'arch-angel Uriel, one of the heav'n
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th'earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those heav'n spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassie attend;
And here art likeliest by supream decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour: him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim
Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fix'd seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss

Created this new happie race of men
 To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.
 So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
 For neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth:
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicitie
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems: which now for once beguil'd
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
 'The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heav'n;
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foule
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.
 Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorifie
 The great work-maister, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
 Contented with report hear only in heav'n:
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
 But what created mind can comprehend
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep,
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 This world's material mould, came to a heap:

Confusion heard his voice, and wild Up roar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course,
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is earth the seat of man, that light
His day, which else as th'other hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring moon
(So call that opposite fair starr) her aide
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those loftie shades his bowre.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
Thus said, he turn'd, and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heav'n,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th'ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,

Throws his steep flight in many an aerie wheele,
Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

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PARADISE LOST.

B O O K IV.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th'Apocalyps, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
'Wo to the inhabitants on earth!' that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th'accuser of mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoiles
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him. for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step no more then from himself can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue,

Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,
Sometimes towards heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless king:
Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthen some, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?

O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferiour angel, I had stood
 Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free-will and power to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
 But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurst, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I flie
 Infinite wraneth, and infinite despaire?
 Which way I flie is hell; myself am hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Then to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groane:

While they adore me on the throne of hell,
 With diadem and scepter high advanc't
 The lower still I fall, only supream
 In miserie; such joy ambition findes.
 But say I could repent and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore; ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconcilement grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewel remorse: all good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with heav'n's king I hold
 By thee, and more then half perhaps will reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betraid
 Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever cleer. Whereof he soon aware,

Each perturbation smoooth'd with outward calme,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practis'd falshood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:
Yet not anough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down
The way he went, and on th'Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wilde,
Access deni'd; and overhead up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A silvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woodie theatre
Of statliest view. Yet higher then their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general sight gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher then that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appeer'd, with gay enammel'd colours mixt:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God had show'r'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
 That lantskip: and of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings disperse
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabeian odours from the spicie shoare
 Of Arabia the blest, with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a leag
 Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
 Than Asmodeus with the fishie fume,
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
 From Media post to Aegypt, there fast bound.
 Now to th'ascent of that steep savage hill
 Satan had journied on, pensive and slow;
 But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that past that way:
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On th'other side: which when th'arch-fellon saw
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound

Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fould:
Or as a thief bent to unhoord the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial dores,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fould:
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought
Of that life-giving plant. but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towrs
Of Great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,

Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Tefassar: in this pleasant soile
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life
 Our death the tree of knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous realme
 And country whereof here needs no account,
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that saphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rowling on orient pearle and sands of gold,
 With mazing error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
 Powr'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,

Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpeirc't shade
Embrown'd the noontide bowrs : thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gumms and balme,
Others whose fruit burnisht with golden rinde
Hing amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
Betwixt them lawns, and level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb. were interpos'd,
Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flours of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of coole recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd,
Her chrystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply ; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th'eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gath'ring flours
Herself a fairer floure by gloomie Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th'inspir'd
Italian spring might with this Paradise

Of Eden strive; nor that Nyscian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, enclos'd with shining rock;
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight and strange:
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthie seem'd, for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shon,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore

Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
And banisht from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicitie and spotless innocence.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down, and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour then suffic'd
To recommend coole zephyr, and made ease
More easie, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughes
Yielded them, side-long as they sat reclin'd
On the soft downie bank damaskt with flowrs:
The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;

Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befits
 Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
 All beasts of the earth, since wilde, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderneys, forrest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandl'd the kid; bears, tygers, ounces, pards
 Gambol'd before them, th'unwieldy elephant
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent fly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
 Coucht, and now fill'd with pasture gazing fat,
 Or bedward ruminating: for the sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
 To th'ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
 Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose:
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on their shape had pour'd.
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights

Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your tast is now of joy;
Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd
Long to continue, and this high seat your heav'n
Ill fenc't for heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you whom I could pitie thus forlorn
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmles innocencie
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new world, compells me now
To do what else though damn'd I should abhor.
So spake the fiend, and with necessitie,
The tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end

Nearer to view his prey, and unespied
 To mark what of their state he more might learn
 By word or action markt: about them round
 A lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
 Whence rushing he might surest seise them both
 Gript in each paw: when Adam first of men
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
 Dearer thyself then all; needs must the power
 That made us, and for us this ample world
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite,
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires
 From us no other service then to keep
 This one, this easie charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that onely tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life,
 So neer grows death to life, whatere death is,
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounc't it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signes of power and rule

Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easie prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights :
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bountie, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowrs,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
 To whom thus Eve repli'd. O thou for whom
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Preeminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak't, and found myself repos'd
 Under a shade on flowrs, much wondring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a cave and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th'expanse of heav'n ; I thither went
 With unexperienc't thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another skie.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite,

A shape within the watry gleam appear'd
 Bending to look on me, I started back,
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd.
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, what thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shall beare
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race: what could I doe,
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I esp'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan, yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,
 Then that smooth watry image; back I turn'd,
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
 Whom si'st thou? whom thou si'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father, half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the devil turn'd
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadis't in one another's arms
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfill'd with pain of longing pines;
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidd'n?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their lord
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance, is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruine! hence I will excite their minds

With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
 Equal with gods; aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave unspi'd;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
 Some wandering spirit of heav'n, by fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
 Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with sly circumspection, and began
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his round,
 Mean while in utmost longitude, where heav'n
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise
 Level'd his ev'ning rayes: it was a rock
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
 The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
 Betwixt these rockie pillars Gabriel sat
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
 About him exercis'd heroic games
 Th'unarmed youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Celestial armourie, shields, helmes, and speares

Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sun beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress the air, and shews the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n
Charge and strict watch that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in;
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of th'Almighty's works, and chiefly man
God's latest image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and markt his aerie gate;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sit'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come
Well known from heav'n; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleapt these earthie bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude

Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
 But if within the circuit of these walks
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.
 So promis'd he, and Uriel to his charge
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
 Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n
 Beneath th'Azores; whither the prime orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
 Diurnal, or this less volubil earth.
 By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold
 The clouds that on his western throne attend:
 Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober liverie all things clad;
 Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
 They to their grassie couch, these to their nests.
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her am'rous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
 With living saphires: Hesperus that led
 The starrie host, red brightest, till the moon
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen unvail'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, th' hour
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines

Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignitie,
And the regard of heav'n on all his waies;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flourish arbores, yonder allies green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest.
To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd,
My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on

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Of grateful ev'ning milde, then silent night
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
 And these the gemms of heav'n, her starrie train:
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
 Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
 To whom our general ancestor repli'd.
 Daughter of God and man, accomplisht Eve,
 Those have their course to finish, round the earth,
 By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
 On earth; made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

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Unseen both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his work behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note
Singing their great Creator: oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower; it was a place
Chos'n by the sovran planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest cover was inwoven shade
Laurel and mirtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and gessamin
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd then with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here
Beast, bird, insect, or worm durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Silvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess

With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
 And heav'nly quires the hymenaean sung.
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turn'd, and under op'n skie ador'd
 The God that made both skie, air, earth and heav'n
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe
 And starrie pole: thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
 Which we in our appointed work imploy'd
 Have finish'd happie in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our blifs
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off:

These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Strait side by side were laid, nor turn'd I weene
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of puritie and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all,
Our Maker bids encrease, who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole proprietie,
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men,
Among the bestial herds to range, by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbecomming holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
Casual fruition, nor in court amours
Mixt dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

These lull'd by nightingales imbracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flourish'd roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.
Now had night measur'd with her shadowie cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivorie port the cherubim
Forth issuing at the accustomed hour stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north,
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and suttler spirits he call'd
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearcht no nook,
But chiefly where these two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This ev'ning from the sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Daz'ling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Assaying by his devilish art to reach

The organs of her fancie, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th'animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breath from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smuttie graine
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stept those two fair angels half amaz'd
So sudden to behold the grieffie king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,
Why satst thou like an enemy in waite
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin.

Your message, like to end as much in vain?
 To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn,
 Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,
 Or undiminisht brightness, to be known
 As when thou stoodst in heav'n upright and pure;
 That glorie then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.
 But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.
 So spake the cherube, and his grave rebuke
 Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
 Invincible: abasht the devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
 His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the sencer not the sent,
 Or all at once; more glory will be won,
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
 Will save us trial what the least can do
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
 The fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
 But like a proud steed rein'd, went haucie on,
 Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
 His heart, not else dismal'd. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd

Awaiting next command. To whom their chief

Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet

Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern

Michael and Zephon through the shade,

And with them comes a third of regal port,

But faded splendor wan; who by his gate

And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,

Not likely to part hence without contest;

Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd

And brief related whom they brought, where found,

How busied, in what form and posture coucht.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd

To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge

Of others, who approve not to transgress

By thy example, but have power and right

To question thy bold entrance on this place;

Impley'd it seems to violate sleep, and those

Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.

Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th'esteem of wise,

And such I held thee; but this question askt

Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?

Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,

Though thither doom'd? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,

And boldly venture to whatever place

Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change

Torment with ease, and soonest recompence

Sale with delight, which in this place I sought;

To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.
O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom follie overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison scape.
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicenc't from his bounds in hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight,
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok't.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
Less hardie to endure? courageous chief,
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.
To which the fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain.

consulting angel, well thou knowst I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting volied thunder made all speed
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
Not still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assaies and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untri'd.
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spie
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their lord
High up in heav'n, with songs to hymne his throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warriour angel soon repli'd.
To say and strait unsay, pretending first
Wise to flie pain, professing next the spie,
Argues no leader, but a lyar trac't,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Armie of fiends, fit body to fit head;
Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledg'd power suprem?

And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd: and servilly ador'd
 Heav'n's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reigne?
 But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;
 Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appeer,
 Back to th'infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
 And seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne
 The facil gates of hell too slightly barr'd.
 So threatn'd he, but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
 Proud limitarie cherube but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm, though heaven's king
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Us'd to the yolk, draw'st his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the road of heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th'angelic squadron bright
 Turn'd fieric red, sharpening in mooned hornes
 Their phalanx, and began to hemm him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands
 Lest on the threshing floore his hopeful shaves
 Prove chaff. On th'other side Satan alarm'd
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:

His stature reacht the skie, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starrie cope
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to rack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th'Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc't aire
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend.

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Then heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

The End of the Fourth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

Now Morn her rosie steps in th'easterne clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearle,
When Adam wak't, so'custom'd, for his sleep
Was acrie light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperat vapours bland, which th'only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Milde, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrhe, and what the balmie reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
On Adam, whom imbracing, thus she spake,

sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glorie, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd, for I this night,
Each night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night; methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleepest thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through wayes
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancie then by day:
And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,

Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor man; is knowledge so despis'd?
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?
This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chill'd
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,
Forbidd'n here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant growes,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happie creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happie though thou art,
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluckt; the pleasant favourie smell
So quick'n'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstrecht immense, a prospect wide
And various; wondring at my flight and change

To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these fanſie next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aerie shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fanſie wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last ev'nings talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,

Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not disheart'n'd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more chearful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world,
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains and the flocks
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.
So chear'd he his fair spouse; and she was chear'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their chrystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first from under shady arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewie ray,
Discovering in wide lantskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happie plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style, for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tunable then needed lute or harp

To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almightie, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine:
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extoll
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now si'st
With the fixt stars, fixt in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix

And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, duskie or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecie skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th'uncolour'd skie,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds,
That singing up to heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flours; where any row
Of fruit trees over woodie reach'd too far

Their pamp'ring boughs, and need'd hands to check
 Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
 To wed her elm; she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her down th'adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus imploi'd beheld
 With pitie heav'n's high King, and to him call'd
 Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded maid.
 Raphael, said he, thou hearst what stir on earth
 Satan from hell scap't through the darksome gulf
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what bowre or shade
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
 To respite his day labour with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happie state,
 Happiness in his power left free to will,
 Left to his own free will, his will though free,
 Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not too secure: tell him withal
 His danger, and from whom, what enemy
 Late fall'n himself from heav'n, is plotting now
 The fall of others from like state of bliss;
 By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend

Surprisal, unadmonish't, unforewarn'd.
So spake th'eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood
Vail'd with his gorgeous wings, up-springing light
Flew through the midst of heav'n; th'angelic quires
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th'empyrean road; till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov'ran architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform'd to other shining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing kenns
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal skie
Sailes between worlds and worlds, with steddie wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fann
Winnows the buxom air; till within soare
Of towring eagles, to all the fowles he seems
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird
When to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Aegyptian Theb's he flies.
At once on th'eastern cliff of Paradise

He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starrie zone his waste, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downie gold
And colours dipt in heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heele with feather'd maile
Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honour rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blisful field, through groves of myrrhe,
And flouing odours, cassia, nard, and balme;
A wilderness of sweets; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wilde above rule or art; enormous blifs.
Him through the spicie forrest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the dore he sat
Of his cool bowre, while now the mounted sun
Shot down direct his fervid raies to warme
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam need;
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner favourie fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,

Berrie or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heav'nly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.
To whom this Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste and from each bough and break,
Each plant and juiciest gourd will pluck such choice
To entertain our angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess that here on earth
God hath dispens't his bounties as in heav'n.
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,
Restirs her then, and from each tender stalk

Whatever earth all-bearing mother yields
In India east or west, or middle shoare
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coate,
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive moult, and meathes
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcid creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.
Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompani'd then with his own compleat
Perfections, in himself was all his state,
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold
Dazzles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Neerer his presence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature, bowing low,

Thus said. Native of heav'n, for other place
None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us
Two only, who yet by sov'ran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shade bowre
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears

To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more coole decline.

Whom thus the angelic vertue answer'd milde,
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spirits of heav'n
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bowre
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise
I have at will. So to the silvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd
With flourets deckt and fragrant smells; but Eve
Undeck't, save with herself more lovely fair
Then wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from heav'n; no vaile
She needed, vertue proof, no thought infirme
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel haile
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest Marie, second Eve.

Haile mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassie turf
Their table was, and mossie seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All Autumn pil'd, through Spring and Autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear least dinner coole; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties which our nourisher, from whom
All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,

To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unfavourie food perhaps
To spiritual nature; only this I know,
That one celestial father gives to all.
To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower facultie
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste:
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbes.
The sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimential recompence
In humid exhalations, and at even
Supps with the ocean: though in heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
Yield nectar, though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dewes, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here

Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with heav'n; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
 And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
 Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
 Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
 As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
 Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
 In Adam, not to let th'occasion pass
 Given him by this great conference to know
 Of things above his world, and of their being
 Who dwell in heav'n, whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
 Divine effulgence, whose high power so far
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech
 Thus to th'empyreal minister he fram'd.

Inhabitant with God, now know I well

Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?
To whom the winged hierarch repli'd.
O Adam, one almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spirituous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
Each in their severall active sphears assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aerie, last the bright consummate floure
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and their fruit
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense,
Fancie and understanding, whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive or intuitive; discourse
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,

To proper substance; time may come when men
 With angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare:
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
 Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell;
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire
 Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.
 To whom the patriarch of mankind repli'd,
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
 From centre to circumference, whereon
 In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution join'd, "if ye be found
 "Obedient?" can we want obedience then
 To him, or possibly his love desert
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?
 To whom the angel. Son of heav'n and earth,
 Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thyself,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.

God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity;
Our voluntarie service he requires,
Not our necessitated, such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destinie, and can no other choose?
Myself and all th'angelic host that stand
In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from heav'n to deepest hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellest
Each past in heav'n, some doubt within me move,

But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Hath finish't half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heav'n.

Thus Adam made request, and Raphael
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
To human sense th'invisible exploits
Of warring spirits; how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfect while they stood; how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best, though what if earth
Be but the shadow of heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and chaos wilde [rests
Reign'd where these heav'ns now rowl, where earth now
Upon her center pois'd, when on a day
(For time, though in eternitie, appli'd
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As heav'n's great year brings forth, th'empyrean host
Of angels by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th'Almightie's throne

forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appear'd
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
 Standards, and gonfalons 'twixt van and reare
 Stream in the aire, and for distinction serve
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
 Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbes
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within orb, the father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the son
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye angels, progenie of light,
 Thrones, dominations, pryncedoms, virtues, powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevok't shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
 And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
 [rest] All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord,
 h now Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
 United as one individual soul
 For ever happie: him who disobey's
 He disobey's, breaks union, and that day
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
 Uncain'd without redemption, without end.

So spake th'Omnipotent, and with his words

All seem'd well-pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill,
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie spheare
Of planets and of fixt in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem :
And in their motions harmonic divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd
(For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous, all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With angel's food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearle, in diamond, and massie gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n.
On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th'all-bounteous king, who showr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roseat dews dispos'd
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,

side over all the plain, and wider far
When all this globous earth in plain outspread,
Such are the courts of God) th'angelic throng
Sperst in bands and files their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Billions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fan'd with cool winds, save those who in their course
Melodious hymns about the sov'ran throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Man, so call him now, his former name
Heard no more in heav'n; he of the first,
Not the first archangel, great in power,
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envie against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great father, and proclaim'd
Messiah king anointed, could not beare
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
When as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Swordshipt, unobey'd the throne supream
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Rank'ning, thus to him in secret spake.
Sleepst thou companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what decree
Yesterday, so late hath past the lips
Of heav'n's almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
First wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
When waking we were one; how then can now

Thy sleep dissent? new laws thou seest impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new councils, to debate
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowie cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the north, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our king
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false arch-angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th'unwarie brest
Of his associate; he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the most high commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd heav'n,
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words, and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heav'n;
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lies

He drew after him the third part of heav'n's host :
Mean while th'Eternal eye, whose sight discernes
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Sightly before him saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And smiling to his only son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deitie or empire, such a foe
Rising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie
In battle, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuarie, our hill.
To whom the son with calm aspect and clear
Light'ning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mightie father, thou thy foes
Truly hast in derision, and secure
Thought'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Water to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
In me to quell their pride, and in event

Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heav'n.

So spake the son, but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc't on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flour.
Regions they pass'd, the mightie regencies
Of seraphim and potentates and thrones
In their triple degrees, regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Then what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretcht into longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towrs
From diamond quarries hew'n, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of heav'n,
The mountain of the congregation call'd;
For thither he assembl'd all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeted truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, dominations, princedomes, vertues, powers,
These magnific titles yet remain
Not meerely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd
All power, and us eclips'd under the name
Of king anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to consult how we may best
With what may be devis'd of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of heav'n possess before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchie over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendor less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Erre not, much less for this to be our lord,
And look for adoration to th'abuse
Of those imperial titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus far his bold discourse without controule
Had audience, when among the seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeale ador'd
The deitie, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no eare ever to hear in heav'n
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peeres.
Canst thou with impious obloquie condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,
That to his only son by right endu'd
With regal scepter, every soul in heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful king? unjust thou saist
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reigne,
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignitie
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state under one head more neer
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reigne:
Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,

Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten son, by whom
As by his word the mighty father made
All things, ev'n thee, and all the spirits of heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, dominations, principedomes, virtues, powers,
Essential powers, nor by his reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made, since he the head
One of our number thus reduc't becomes,
His laws our laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
Th'incens'd Father, and th'incens'd Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent angel, but his zeale
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
Th'apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
That we were form'd then saist thou? and the work
Of secondarie hands, by task transfer'd
From father to his son? strange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw
When this creation was? remembrest thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'd
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
Had circl'd his full orbe, the birth mature
Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand

Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address, and to begirt th'almighty throne
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,
 These tidings carrie to th'anointed king;
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
 He said, and as the sound of waters deep
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
 Through the infinite host, nor less for that
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.
 O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
 Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth:
 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
 Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
 Will not be now vouchsaf't, other decrees
 Against thee are gone forth without recall;
 That golden scepter which thou didst reject
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
 These wicked tents devoted, least the wrath
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrifi'd
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught ;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadful angel unpursu'd
Through heav'n's wide champain held his way, till
Wak't by the circling hours, with rosie hand [morn,
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other dore
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veile the heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the morn
Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyrean, from before her vanish night,
Shot through with orient beams: when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattel'd squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fierie steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among those friendly powers who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost: on to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme: from whence a voice

From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast born
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence: for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed saints
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious, them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault, and to the brow of heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaps to receive their fall.
So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe

Of wrath awak't: nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow:
 At which command the powers militant,
 That stood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
 Of union irresistible, and mov'd on
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental harmonic that breath'd
 Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds
 Under their god-like leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
 Nor streitning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
 Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore
 Their nimble tread, as when the total kind
 Of birds in orderly array on wing
 Came summon'd over Eden to receive
 Their names of thee; so over many a tract
 Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
 Far in the horizon to the north appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fierie region, stretcht
 In battailous aspect, and neerer view
 Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portraid,
 The banded powers of Satan hasting on
 With furious expedition; for they ween'd
 That self same day by fight, or by surprize
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne
 To set th'envier of his state, the proud

Inspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great fire
Hymning th'eternal Father: but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a god
Th'apostat in his sun-bright chariot sat
Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd
With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudie van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc't,
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
Remain not; wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest; though to fight unconquerable!
His puissance, trusting in th'Almightie's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have tri'd

Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Against th'Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy follie: or with solitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit at one blow
Unaided could have finish't thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness; but thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and pietie to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest, now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askeance
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wisht hour
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst

From flight, seditious angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd least thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that liberty and heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring spirits, train'd up in feast, and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsie of heav'n,
Servilitie with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli'd.
Apostat, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,
Or nature; God and nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th'unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.

Reign thou in hell thy kingdom, let me serve
 In heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
 Yet chains in hell, not realms expect: mean while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
 So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
 His massie spear upstaid; as if on earth
 Winds under ground or waters forcing way
 Sidelong, had push't a mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seis'd
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Presage of victory and fierce desire
 Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound
 Th'arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the highest: nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,
 And clamour such as heard in heav'n till now
 Was never, arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,

And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fierie cope together rush'd
Both battles maine, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all heaven
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. what wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Armie against armie numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not th'eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warriour single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,
As onely in his arm the moment lay
Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite: for wide was spread
That war and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then.

Conflicting fire : long time in even scale
 The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in arms
 No equal, raunging through the dire attack
 Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield
 A vast circumference : at his approach
 The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
 Or captive drag'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.
 Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
 And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Miseric, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion ? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
 To trouble holy rest ; heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along

Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doome,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
Of airie threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish't, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? erre not, that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glorie: which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n itself into the hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fie not, but have fought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likeness on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of godlike power: for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.
Now wav'd their fierie swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood

In horror ; from each hand with speed retir'd
 Where erst was thickest fight, th'angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth
 Great things by small, if natures concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect maligne
 Of fiercest opposition in mid skie,
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both with next to Almighty arm,
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeate,
 As not of power, at once ; nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention ; but the sword
 Of Michael from the armorie of God
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
 But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd
 All his right side ; then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him, but th'ethereal substance clos'd
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of nectareous humour issuing flow'd
 Sanguin ; such as celestial spirits may bleed,
 And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields.

back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbl'd by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense, and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensignes pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc furious king, who him des'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threatn'd, nor from the holie one of heav'n
Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing, On each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelec, and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less then gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangl'd with gasty wounds through plate and maile,

Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow
 Ariel and Arioc, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorcht and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect
 Angels contented with their fame in heav'n
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doome
 Cancell'd from heav'n and sacred memorie,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
 For strength from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
 Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doome.

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
 With many an introd gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot, and charioteer lay overturn'd
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
 Oreweari'd, through the faint satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
 Far otherwise the inviolable saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc't entire,

vulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:
Each high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd,
Now Night her course began, and over heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudie covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish't: on the foughten field
Michael and his angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on the other part
Satan with his rebellious disappeer'd,
Lurk in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger tri'd, now known in armes
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glorie, and renown,
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fights
And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven's lord had powerfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Efficient to subdue us to his will,
That proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
In future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,

Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd,
 Since now we find this our empyreal form,
 Incapable of mortal injurie
 Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
 Of evil then so small as easie think
 The remedie; perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them superiour, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th'assembly next upstood
 Nisroc, of principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.
 Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
 For gods, and too unequal work we find
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
 But live content, which is the calmest life:

pain is perfect miserie, the worst
 evils, and excessive, overturns
 patience. He who therefore can invent
 with what more forcible we may offend
 our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
 no less then for deliverance what we owe.
 Whereto with look compos'd Satan repli'd,
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright
 believ'st so main to our success, I bring;
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 this continent of spacious heav'n, adorn'd
 with plant, fruit, flour ambrosial, gemms and gold,
 whose eye so superficially surveyes
 these things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht
 with heav'n's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
 so beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
 These in their dark nativitie the deep
 shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
 which into hollow engines long and round
 thick ramm'd, at th'other bore with touch of fire
 dilated and infuriate shall send forth
 from far with thundring noise among our foes
 such implements of mischief as shall dash
 to pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands
 adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmed
 the Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Not long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,

Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.
 He ended. and his words their drooping chere
 Enlightn'd, and their languisht hope reviv'd.
 Th'invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th'inventer mis'd, so easie it seem'd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
 Impossible: yet haply of thy race
 In future days, if malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With dev'lish machination might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from counsel to the work they flew,
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the celestial soile, and saw beneath
 Th'originals of nature in their crude
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foame
 They found, they mingl'd, and with suttile art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
 Part hidd'n veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engins and their balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespied.

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appeer'd
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoplie, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm'd scour,
Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in alt: him soon they met
Under spread ensignes moving nigh, in flow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried.

Arme, warriors, arm for fight, the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settl'd in his face I see
His resolution and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helme, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Born even or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
To warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took allarm,
And onward move embattell'd; when behold
Not distant far with heavie pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginrie, impal'd
In every side with shadding squadrons deep,

To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while, but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan : and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt, however witness heav'n,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand
Do as ye have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd.
Which to our eyes discover'd new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd.)
Brass, iron, stonnie mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoak, all heav'n appear'd.

From those deep-throated engins belcht, whose roar
 Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunder-bolts and hail
 Of iron globes, which on the victor host
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, angel on arch-angel rowl'd;
 The sooner for their arms, unarm'd they might
 Have easily as spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files.
 What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rankt of seraphim another row
 In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps

For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose
 If our proposals once again were heard
 We should compell them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamesom mood;
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand;
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant veine
 Stood scoffing, highthn'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victorie, eternal might
 To match with their inventions they presum'd
 So easie, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
 Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
 (For earth hath this variety from heav'n
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
 Light as the lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
 From their foundations loosning to and fro
 They pluckt the seated hills with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggie tops
 Uplifting bore them in their hands: amaze,
 Be sure, and terroure seisd rhe rebel host,

When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed engins triple-row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd,
Their armor help'd their harm, crush't in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a-dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills up tore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground, they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose; and now all heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,
Had not th'almightie father where he sits
Shrin'd in his sanctuarie of heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his anointed son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his son

Th'assessor of his throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my glorie, son belov'd,
 Son in whose face invisable is beheld
 Visibly, what by deitie I am,
 And in whose hand what by decree I doe,
 Second omnipotence, two days are past,
 Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
 These disobedient; sore hath been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
 For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found:
 War wearied hath performed what war can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
 Wild work in heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
 Have suffer'd, that the glorie may be thine
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
 In heav'n and hell thy power above compare,
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be heir
 Of all things, to be heir and to be king
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.

Go then thou mightiest in thy father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed king.

He said, and on his son with rays direct
Shon full, he all his father full exprest
Ineffable into his face receiv'd,
And thus the filial godhead answering spake.

O father, O supreme of heav'nly thrones,
First, highest, holiest, best, thou always seekst
To glorifie thy son, I always thee,
As is most just; this I my glorie account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my blest.
Scepter and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell's,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down
To chains of darkness, and th'undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,

Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy saints unmix't, and from th'impure
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount
 Unfained halleluiahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
 So said, he o're his scepter bowing, rose
 From the right hand of glorie where he sat,
 And the third sacred morn began to shine
 Dawning through heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind
 The chariot of paternal deitie, [sound
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes, four faces each
 Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels.
 Of beril, and careering fires between;
 Over their heads a chrystal firmament,
 Wheron a saphir throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showrie arch.
 He in celestial panoplie all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand victorie
 Sate eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three bolted thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce effusion rowl'd
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
 He onward came, far off his coming shone,
 And twentie thousand (I their number hear'd)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime.

On the chrySTALLIN skie, in saphir thron'd.
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by angels born, his sign in heav'n:
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd:
His armie, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head imbodyed all in one.
Before him power divine his way prepar'd;
At his command the uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious, heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flourets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avails,
Or wonders move th'obdurate to relent?
They hard'n'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glorie, at the sight
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final battel drew, disdainig flight,
Or fain retreat; when the great son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array ye saints, here stand
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battel rest;

Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
 Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs,
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
 Nor multitude, stand only and behold
 God's indignation on these godless pourd
 By me; not you but me they have despis'd,
 Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
 Because the father, t'whom in heav'n's supream
 Kingdom and power and glorie appertains,
 Hath honour'd me according to his will,
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
 That they may have their wish, to trie with me
 In battel which the stronger proves, they all,
 Or I alone against them, since by strength
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

So spake the son, and into terrour chang'd
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld
 And full of wrauth bent on his enemies.
 At once the four spread out their starrie wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbes
 Of his fierce chariot rowl'd, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomie as night; under his burning wheels
 The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,

All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons drop'd;
O're shields and helmes, and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd foure,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th'accurst, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volie, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And chrystal wall of heav'n, which op'ning wide,
Rowl'd inward, and a spacious gape disclos'd
Into the wastful deep; the monstrous sight
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw

Down from the verge of heav'n, eternal wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th'unfufferable noise, hell saw
Heav'n ruining from heav'n and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
Disburden'd heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowl'd.
Sole victor from th'expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye witnesses of his almightie acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palme, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious king,
Son, heire, and lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mightie father thron'd
On high; who into glorie him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of blifs.

Thus measuring things in heav'n by things on earth
At thy request, and that thou maist beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd

What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which befel, and war in heav'n
Among th'angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan, he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou maist partake
His punishment, eternal miserie;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the most high,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But list'n not to his temptations, warne
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

The End of the Sixth Book.



